

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1964



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The Study

3233 THE BOULEVARD, WESTMOUNT

FOUNDED 1915. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



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MIDSUMMER NINETEEN SIXTY-FOUR



MISS GASCOIGNE AND "SWEEP."

IN RETROSPECT

It has been almost fifty years since Miss Gascoigne first held a school for six in her one-roomed apartment. It is strange how, as students of The Study, we can adopt her ideals into our way of thinking, live her dream, and yet think so little about the woman she was, and the adventures she had in making our school strong enough to stand on its feet. This is perhaps partly because the force of her character has been obscured by the thirty years since her death, and also because the word "founder" generally has a tedious connotation for students. Miss Gascoigne was far from being a tedious woman. The Study was a kind of religion for her—an obsession, a "raison d'etre." Everything else, with the exception, perhaps, of music, was completely secondary. She built the school with no money, no influential friends, and virtually no staff. This is an extraordinary thing and required an extraordinary woman.

Miss Gascoigne had immeasurable influence on those who taught under her as well as those who were taught by her. At first sight we would probably have thought her rather odd—she absentmindedly wore sweaters backwards, she loathed tradition and convention, and yet she was a revelation—a woman of joy, a woman of child-like simplicity and wonder. She gave her pupils culture and an outlook on life which was unique in an increasingly materialistic society.

It will probably amuse you to know that while she lived, our institution was popularly called "Gassy's School" and its British headmistress fondly referred to as "Lady Margaret". Of course you have all been through the experience of being asked the name of your school, replying "The Study" and receiving an incredulous "What?" The name is, naturally, Miss Gascoigne's choice. It is probably one of the best examples of her unpretentious character—the school was to be a place to study, so why not call it that? She did not consider using her own name.

Two of Miss Gascoigne's treasures were her eccentric, if not completely mad, dog "Sweep" and the little house she had near Shawbridge. There is a story that late one night she was awakened by the most eerie, wild laughing going on around the house, and she decided that there was a maniac at large. With the other teachers of the school, who were her guests, she locked all the doors and windows, and they sat up in their nightgowns until morning, too terrified to sleep. It was their first experience with a loon.

The interior of the house itself showed her eye for colour. In this and in her enormous love of music, she was an artist. Every artist is impractical, and Miss Gaseoigne was certainly no exception. It is assumed that to build a school from nothing (and she did not have a cent when she first began) one must have some sense of business. She had none. Whenever she found herself with a little extra money, she bought books and records and flowers, with the result that, during the early years, she had to walk everywhere, because she had no money for streetcars. Her little apartment was shabby—her money was the school's money, and the school was far more important than her comfort. Not surprisingly, any businessmen who tried to help her with the school's finances were eventually won over to her way of thinking. Therefore, when difficulty arose and there was no money to pay the rent and no nest-egg, she would always say calmly "The money will come from somewhere." And it always did. She kept all things in perspective, and money in its proper place. This was an optimist of terrific courage, an idealist impatient for progress and growth, and an uncomplicated woman who saw the gay side of life and could pick out the comedy in any situation.

Anyone would wonder why such a woman never married. It seems the thought never seriously entered her head. She was too busy, too preoccupied with other things. Domesticity was to her unimportant. Physically, of course, she was not beautiful, though possessed of a lovely voice and artistic hands. Nor was she a gifted hostess. She invited the most incongruous groups of people to her small parties with the result that a miserable time was had by all—except herself. She had rather odd ideas about entertaining generally. Her nephew, Guthrie, once wrote: "Well do I remember that party. How I hated it and how I implored that it should not come off! I was terribly young at the time, with no knowledge of dancing, no interest in girls, and a

definite fear of Canadian ones, who were so much more mature than anything I had brushed up against over here. (England). When one of the parents announced the party in the Social and Personal column of the Gazette—"Given by Miss Gascoigne in honour of her nephew . . ."—I felt like taking the next boat home! "As for cooking, she made Devonshire cream, lemon curds, and rock cakes very well, and everything else badly. The times required that she choose between marriage and her vocation. There was no question in her mind.

She understood life and she understood people—especially little people. Though she taught Latin (the classes involved Latin conversation!) and Greek to the older girls, she was at her best with the youngest pupils. This was because, despite the difference in age, knowledge and experience, their souls and their philosophies were identical. Miss Gascoigne lost contact with the girls as they grew older. Their inevitable interest in clothes and the social world separated them. She always followed her heart before her head and was inclined to favour some more than others. However, when they returned several years later with their daughters, the old rapport was re-established. At one time, people were not so faithful to the school. During the Depression, girls were taken away by the dozens, their parents refusing to give the real reason, but making some ridiculous charge against the school instead. It was one of the most difficult periods Miss Gascoigne had to endure.

What about life at her school? Hard as it is for us to imagine, there was little discipline, and a general atmosphere of freedom prevailed. The pupils learned what they liked. A timetable was rarely followed and one never knew what to expect. Sometimes, on the spur of the moment, a few hours would be devoted to music alone. Though obviously this system could not remain indefinitely, the thing Miss Gascoigne wanted most for the school—simplicity—is all about us. She put us all on equal terms by enforcing the practical, homely uniform (from which the original Study hat has disappeared) and the rules prohibiting make-up and jewellery. I think we are secretly grateful to be spared the fuss of getting dressed "properly" every morning. It is axiomatic that artificiality is kept to a minimum.

How much of Miss Gascoigne and the original school have we managed to keep? The pressure of examinations and university entrance, and the greatly increased size of the school have necessitated the loss of much of the freedom and intimacy which originally abounded. We are compelled by outside forces to follow a set curriculum. Though progress and the changing times have dictated the elimination of much that was attractive at The Study while Miss Gascoigne lived, singularly successful efforts have been made to keep the school as individual and as liberal as possible—as she would have wished. Every child is urged to think independently and invariably acquires a sense of values at the school which she would have approved. She began all traditions—art and music remain an extremely important factor in school life. In so many ways she is still very much a part of us:

"Reader, if you seek a monument, look about you."

CAROLINE HENWOOD

"AU REVOIR, MME. LITTLE"

C'est avec beaucoup de chagrin que nous disons adieu à Madame Little. Pendant ces dernières années, la langue française a pris une place de plus en plus grande au "Study?" Madame Little nous a beaucoup intéressées à cette matière et, avec son aide, nous nous sommes rendues bien plus compte de l'importance de cette langue.

Notre travail n'a pas été limité à la salle de classe: Madame Little a organisé, avec efficacité et enthousiasme, des week-ends de ski et des soirées françaises. A maintes reprises, l'école a eu le plaisir d'entendre des pièces françaises pour lesquelles Madame Little s'était improvisée scénariste, metteur en scène, costumière, etc.

Après être revenue d'un voyage au Japon, elle nous a fait une conférence illustrée de photographies splendides. Elle a aussi mis sa famille à contribution: son mari a été assez gentil pour nous aider dans nos leçons de chant pendant que Mademoiselle Blanchard était malade. Toute sa famille de musiciens (même la plus petite) nous a donné une fois un concert très original et très agréable.

Malgré une longue absence due à la maladie, cet hiver, elle s'est toujours préoccupée du progrès de ses élèves. Ce n'est qu'un exemple de sa fidélité à l'école et de son amour du travail.

JANE HORNER, ELEANOR FLEET.

STAFF NOTES

This year we were pleased to welcome several new members to the school's staff. Mme. Girardin and Mme. Le Prince have filled the place of Mlle. Panet-Raymond who has taken over our music department and Mrs. Singh, whose exquisite clothes are the admiration of the whole school, is now teaching upper B, filling the vacancy left by Mrs. Carr's departure.

We are grateful to Mlle. Beaudoin for looking after Mme. Little's French classes during the latter's unfortunate illness.

Mrs. Reynolds has returned this year after the birth of her son last summer.

We were especially happy to have Miss McGreevy, a Study old girl, back with us. She has taken over the Geography department from Mrs. Fuller and is also teaching the matriculation course in Canadian history. In addition to all her other duties, Miss McGreevy has spent long hours reorganizing the library.

We were very sorry to lose Miss Dickie last year. Many of us have known her for a long time and still unconsciously look for her each day when we come down for our break, but we are grateful to Mrs. Mostyn for taking over so capably.

In recognizing the cosmopolitan flavour of this year's additions to the staff, we gratefully realize that the broad horizons to which we have been exposed are more than purely educational.

XENIA KIRKPATRICK and CATHY JARVIS

School Officials

<i>Head Girl</i>	JANE HORNER
<i>Sub-Head</i>	CAROLINE HENWOOD
<i>Games Captain</i>	AUDREY NIXON

PREFECTS

CAROLINE HENWOOD	AUDREY NIXON
JANE HORNER	ROSALIND PEPALL
	JUDITH STEWART

TEACHING STAFF

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University of Toronto and Oxford University

Vice-Principal

MISS MARY MARSHALL, B.A., M.A.
Dalhousie University

MISS R. BEAUMIER	<i>Violin</i>
Première Médaille de Solfège, Conservatoire de la Province de Québec	
MISS R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M.	<i>Piano</i>
Toronto Conservatory of Music	
MISS CHARLOTTE FOSTER, B.A.	<i>History</i>
McGill University	
MME J. GIRARDIN	<i>French</i>
Baccalauréat, Université de Paris (Sorbonne)	
MME J. A. KEBEDGY	<i>French</i>
Licence d'enseignement du Conservatoire de Lausanne	
MRS. M. LENNARD	<i>Upper A</i>
National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate	
MME J. LE PRINCE	<i>French</i>
MRS. GEORGE LITTLE	<i>French</i>
Licence d'Anglais complète de la Sorbonne	
MISS M. S. MALACHOWSKI	<i>German</i>
Diploma of the Teachers' Training College, Breslau, Germany	
MISS E. MCGREEVY, B.A.	<i>Geography</i>
Mount Allison University	
MISS D. E. MOORE	<i>Physical Education</i>
McGill School of Physical Education	
MISS FRANCINE PANET-RAYMOND, B.A.	<i>Music</i>
University of Montreal	
MISS HAZEL PERKIN	<i>Lower A</i>
Teaching Certificate of the Institute of Education, London University	
MRS. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A.	<i>Mathematics</i>
Dalhousie University	
MRS. A. J. RYNOLDS, B.A.	<i>English</i>
University of London	
MRS. H. R. SCOTT, B.A.	<i>Science</i>
Wooster College	
MRS. P. A. SCYNER	<i>Lower B</i>
Teaching Certificate, University of Birmingham	
MRS. H. S. SINGH, B.A., T.T.C.	<i>Upper B</i>
University of Punjab, India	
MISS EDNA TEDESCHI	<i>Art</i>
Diploma Montreal Museum of Fine Arts	

Editorial Section

*"Alle is buxumnesse there, and bookeys for to rede and to lerne,
And great love and lykinge for eack of hem loveth other."*

Piers Plowman

EDITOR

STEPHANIE LAIRD

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

PAT DAVIDSON	CATHY JARVIS
ELEANOR FLEET	KATHY KERRIGAN
CAROLINE HENWOOD	XENIA KIRKPATRICK
JANE HORNER	JUDITH STEWART
MARTY TROWER	

EDITORIAL

"Je me souviens"

"*Je me souviens*"—the motto of the province of Quebec. But what does it signify? What is it that we should remember? The early settlements along the St. Lawrence; the days of the fur-traders and the explorers; the Battle for the Rock in 1759, and its results; or the culmination of the years of striving towards unity, with the signing of the B.N.A. act in 1867? Let us remember all these things—for we are, above all, citizens of Canada. Next year, many of us who are leaving the school will go to colleges in the United States—a country larger in size, population and, some say, in ideas. But let us not forget that we are Canadians, and that our country has a noble past. The Study has taught us this. Not only have we learned the facts of Canada's history in this school, but we have learned to love all history—not in the form of a succession of dates to be memorized but in the form of living traditions. For The Study, too, has a noble past—the closing Church service, the singing of "*Jerusalem*" and "*The Road to the Isles*", the Christmas concert—all these traditions have grown out of the past. Perhaps this is what gives the school its special sense of unity and stability. As Anatole France has said, "*Ne perdons rien du passé. Ce n'est qu'avec le passé qu'on fait l'avenir.*"

But "*Je me souviens*" is the motto of the province of Quebec—a province living primarily in the present. A nationalist upheaval is taking place in Quebec, now, today. The province has an uncertain future, and this in turn, renders the future of all of Canada uncertain. And The Study is conscious of this. Our school is *not* a community of "ivy-covered professors in ivy-covered halls"—the school is aware of its surroundings. During the past year, people tossed bombs to express their discontent. During this same past year, the girls of The Study invited the students of "*Le Collège Michèle Provost*" to tea. We spoke French, and made friends with our neighbours Though this may seem a small detail, it is expressive of the school's approach to present-day problems. Perhaps it is optimistic to hope that the "*Friendly approach*" will ever "*catch on*" in politics; but then it is surely pessimistic to assume that it will not.

This, then, is what we have absorbed at The Study—a love of tradition, but at the same time, a progressive outlook. We have learned to *feel* and to *think*. This has been an education.

But "*Je me souviens*" means something more for us who are leaving the school. There are so many *personal* memories; the times when the fire burned in the hall and the building smelled of pipe-smoke and winter coats, and we all felt important working for the Bazaar; or the hot-exultant feeling after a basketball game, sorting out our ties down at the Dorchester "Y"; or the sight of Lower B filing out of Prayers, badges covering the whole front of their minute tunics, sashes trailing on the floor—there are so many memories. But perhaps some things are better left unsaid—it is enough to know that the thoughts will be there when we need them. For this we are grateful.



Prefects - (L. to R.) Jone Horner, Audrey Nixon, Caroline Henwood, Judith Stewart, Rosolind Pepoll.

JANE HORNER

"Ain't I volatile?"

As Head Girl this year, Jane has necessarily had a finger in every Sixth Form pie. This can be a strain, when one only has ten fingers, and most of them are thumbs—we recall the frantic days preceding the Bazaar, when Jane's sole response to a friendly "Hi!" was a muttered "Doilies! Doilies! Order 200 more doilies!" But things turned out well, and this Horner also managed to pull out a plum—she was given the 200 left-over doilies!

Jane's unique sense of humour, as shown in some of the posters seen on Miss Moore's billboard this year, has provided much amusement. Next year, Jane plans to attend Cornell University, where she will study art.



CAROLINE HENWOOD

"Roll over, Piers Plowman."

Look at Cab's algebra notebook, and you'll see it labelled: "*name: Lady Caroline Lily de Bourge, subject: Plans for the Chateau.*" This is only one example of Cab's unique outlook on life in general, and the Study in particular. Her originality manifests itself particularly in her artwork—heads spring surprisingly from between shoulder-blades, and arms grow from hips. Her musical talent is well-known, and she has played many times in prayers. She gaily pirouettes to any arranged rendezvous—invariably three hours late. Next year, Cab plans to go to Barnard College, to study languages—provided, that is, that she does not miss the plane!





SUSAN BAXTER

'Now that the scandal has finally dyed down, 'Quoth the Raven Nevermore'.'

Bax is one of the well-adjusted members of the Sixth Form. She has been an efficient head of Delta Beta this year. Her spontaneous laugh bursts forth frequently to relieve the tedium of . . . but perhaps we'd better not go into that. Her daily walks up and down the mountain kept her fit for basketball and skiing.

Bax's gay smile will be at Carlton College next year. We are sure that her charming read-aloud-voice will be an asset to the Carlton Drama Club.

Susan Ethel Gay gave a tea-party for the staff and girls in November.

BARBARA BIRKS

'Communism, Barbara, would be the taking over by the State of your skis.'

Bubby is the last person in the form to subscribe to the Marxist doctrine. She is a true patriot, and continually bounds into the classroom, crying "Rule Britannia!" and enlightening us about the health of the Queen. She is the most lively member of the class, and can frequently be seen doing "farandoles" on the desks, to the accompaniment of a flash of red hair, a display of teeth, and a cheerful war-whoop. During more quiet moments, she sits in a corner, wondering if she is retarded

Next year, Bubby goes to Chateau d'Oex where she will soon, we are sure, be skiing down the Matterhorn, and yodelling her way through the Alps.



ROSAMOND COLLYER

'Nimrod the Mighty hunter . . .'

It is embarrassing to realize that Rosamond is the youngest member of the form, but one of the most accomplished. She is a keen skier—perhaps this accounts for her trip to Switzerland, while the rest of us were writing exams! She also enjoys riding and tennis. Rosamond is interested in literature, especially in the works of a somewhat mysterious Mr. G. Cole—she has an extensive collection of books at home, which she lends out at interest!

Ros is a proficient student and we admire her powers of concentration. We wish her luck next year, when she goes to Switzerland.



SHERRY CUSHING

"She's not mad at me, she's just releasing pent-up frustrations."

There is a cry of "Duck!" and immediately everyone on the team lies down, covering her face. The ball sails over the net, bounces off the ceiling, hits the ropes, and slides on to land, crashing against the back wall of the gymnasium. Sherry is playing volleyball. Enough said . . .

Sherry occasionally interrupts her note-taking in class to utter a vivid comment which causes us to dissolve into laughter. Her particular interest is children, and she plans to teach grade three. We are sure that her talent for playing the mandolin will be useful in leading the class band. Perhaps she will give supplementary courses in history and volleyball?



PATRICIA DAVIDSON

"I'd love to be a nurse, except for the blood."

Pat's original opinions on various subjects ("All women are stupid", "Cab's not going to get married.") are a constant source of interest. She enjoys whatever she is doing, whether it be rolling money into little brown papers, or counting the money that has been rolled into little brown papers. But, we must admit, she seems to enjoy holidays more—ask Pat the date of the school closing in 1968, and she'll be able to tell you . . . Pat is well-read and well-informed. She keeps up with the amendments to Bill 16, and the changes in the timetable of the Montreal-Toronto trains. Next year, Pat plans to attend McGill.

ELEANOR FLEET

"I know I'm late, but I have a good excuse . . ."

The "studying" done during our sixth form spares is usually carried on to the strains of a Bach Fugue echoing from the next room. Eleanor's forte, without a doubt, is music. She has filled in many times during prayers, maintaining a firm hold upon herself and the piano stool (to avoid a recurrence of the time, this year, when she fell off the latter . . .)

She is a devotee of the Great Outdoors; her car (her own, we might add—other sixth form parents take note!) brings all the invigorating aroma of a country barnyard into the very heart of Montreal. Perhaps this is because she occasionally transports her horse in it?

Next year, Eleanor plans to continue her studies in music—and get her car fumigated.





CYNTHIA KING

"Oh, no . . . oh no . . ."

"Never say die" says Cindy—but they die anyway. The total is twenty-seven fatalities this year. This sounds like a fishy story. It is. That is Cindy's problem. And when her best friend gave her a fish for Christmas, and it turned cannibal and ate all the others, Cindy was almost ready to give up and hand in her tankweed. But she perseveres yet, and remains the only true pisciculturist in the class.

Cindy is noted for her unique coiffures (pen-tops and shoelaces?) and the unfailing originality of her tunic-bow. Her infectious laughter will be an asset to her next year, for she plans to teach kindergarten.

STEPHANIE LAIRD

"Which poems would the class like to read today, Stephanie?"

Steph has not yet decided on the colour schemes of her extra rooms in the Trower, Henwood, and Horner households, but construction will begin as soon as she does. Being a commuter seems to have its advantages!

Despite Sixth Form brainwashing, Madame Editor has continually maintained her individuality—witness her orthopedic sneakers and button-down tunic! Although she has a somewhat rustic background ("my father ran over a hen last night with the tractor"), she is our authority on Montreal night-life. Perhaps this will come in handy some day if she decides to carry on with her ability to dance the polka!

Next year, Steph plans to go to Middlebury—on her tractor!



SHEILA MACLEAN

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Sheila, we suspect, mastered the simultaneous quadratic equation in Lower B. While the rest of us are studying for our "ups" this summer, Sheila will be taking a correspondence course in advanced Hydrostatics . . . We are familiar with Sheila's prowess in the culinary field, for she has consistently supplied the school with home baking.

Sheila spends her weekends in Knowlton, where she can calculate the ratio of displacement per foot of horse in proportion to cubic content of stable. This is known as "practical application" . . .

This write-up sounds rather like sour grapes, doesn't it? It is . . .



AUDREY NIXON

" . . . and we want to see lots of supporters to . . . uh . . . support . . . "

Being a commuter can have its problems! During the Great Storm of '61, poor Audrey Nixon had to WALK ALL the WAY to SCHOOL!! Of course her presence is necessary, for she is the only member of the Sixth Form able to cope with the crises which invariably arise. Audie joined us in Middle Fifth, having just stepped off the plane from Calgary. She adjusted quickly to life at the Study, in spite of her initial shock at our uniforms. As a matter of fact, she went downtown that very afternoon, to buy a pair of "Bravets research oxfords," following Steph's "helpful" advice. It has taken her two and a half years to realize that we all wear Italian loafers . . .

**JUDY PARISH**

"I think we have decided that the examination has commenced—perhaps we shan't talk any more . . . "

Judy is the sixth form's own Atalanta—she easily saunters in half an hour ahead of the rest of us during the annual class race. We have tried everything—including pep pills and spinach, but they availeth not—Judy remains undefeated.

Judy's frequent quips keep us giggling—sometimes at the most inopportune moments. "But, after all," says Judy, "Laughter is the best medicine." We are inclined to agree. And it certainly saves Miss Moore's aspirins! Judy's future is as yet undecided, but with her outstanding athletic ability, she could become an excellent professional high-jumper . . .

**ROSALIND PEPALL**

"I'm so worried—I don't know what to do!"

When Raw isn't designing floor-plans of the "Pension Muche", she is drinking her usual afternoon tea. Although she left England more than ten years ago, Rosie refuses to give up the Old English customs. While the rest of us are choking and screaming with laughter, Rosie's quaking shoulders and silent mirth are the only indication that she too is amused. When the situation becomes too hilarious, she lets herself go, and begins to wail. Rosalind's cherub-like voice rises above the feeble croaks of the rest of the form in music class. This Christmas, Rosie took time off from German to portray Good King Wenceslas for us. Instead of returning to her birthplace, India, Ros will seek further education and culture in Switzerland next year.



**JOANNE ROBERTSON**

"He laughs who wins."

If a basketball game comes to a sudden halt, you can be sure that Joanne is on her knees looking for a contact lens. Speaking of knees, she bandages both for sports, because she can never remember which one is injured. Joanne was the first one of us to discover the "ablative of instrument" in her Latin primer, which she carries everywhere. Nevertheless, we regret to say, Latin syntax is not her strongest point.

Next year, Jo will perhaps carry on with her talents in art, basketball, and hailing taxis.

JUDY ROTHERHAM

"I'd welcome you to my home—if you could get there!"

Judy's home is in distant Knowlton, and she spends as much time there as she possibly can—in this we detect a slight inference that she doesn't like our fair city. She was the first of us to discover the "sleek" permanent. She was initiated into the Class of '64 three years ago, and was promptly elected Prefect because we quickly recognized her attributes of calmness and efficiency. We soon discovered, however, that she is quite as capable of wild revelry as the rest of us.

Next year, Judy goes off to college—what a shame that she and Sheila won't be able to do their homework together any more!

**JUDITH STEWART**

"No, I will not cut my bangs!"

Judith has a definite mind of her own, and was once found relaxing in the library, when she was supposed to be looking up a reference for a waiting class. A wardrobe of pained expressions helps her to win her many friendly arguments. We envy her perpetual tan, acquired by hanging out of the window of the Sixth Form sitting room.

Judith's athletic ability is common knowledge—she plans in the future to take up shot-put throwing. She has lately started playing the guitar and has, at time of writing, successfully mastered both "God Save the Queen" and "Twinkle, twinkle, Little Star". We are proud of you, Judith!

JOY THOMPSON

"Uh . . . the Congress of Vienna ended . . . uh . . . oh sorry . . . the Austro-Sino-Japo-Icelandic . . . uh war?"

This might give the slight impression that Joy does not excel in history; but her real trouble is a speech impediment. Joy has innumerable extra-curricular activities—these include driving the car, cooking and getting her hair done. In addition, she enjoys concerts—especially at "Place des Arts." Her helpful advice is acknowledged by all—except Judith. The Class of '64 has had the pleasure of her hospitality in various rustic estates. In years to come, Joy hopes to interior-decorate her way across the Atlantic.



JOAN TRAVERSY

"Mais Mlle. Traversy, vous pouvez du moins ouvrir la bouche!"

Except for Sherry, Joannie is the only member of the form forceful enough to deal a lethal blow with a volleyball or tennis-ball. Mankind does not know how fortunate it is that she did not decide to expend her muscle-power in the art of ju-jitsu or karate. It will be a long time before we forget her singing talent, about which she is so modest.

Many of us would have gone hungry last term, had it not been for Joannie. She was in charge of "lunch slips", and managed to keep track of us all—a feat which we appreciate. Next year, if her singing career does not materialize, Joannie will make her way in the world soothing the feverish brows of her fellow-men.



MARTHA TROWER

"I must down to the sea again, by
Jayne Mansfield."

Marty has taken her duties as a sixth-former seriously this year—a member of the Bazaar Committee, she suggested that our proceeds be given to the Chebeague Island Bridge Fund. When she was elected to the Editorial Committee, she suggested that the cover story be about—Chebeague Island—it is easy to see where Marty's heart lies!

Out in Banff last summer, Marty tipped the scales at 105 pounds, and told us happily in September that she was "so fat I could hardly move!" Perhaps the 7 pounds of "Lipsyl" she wears have something to do with it?

If it proves feasible, Marty intends to study art next year, and we are all looking forward to buying her seascapes—of Chebeague Island!



ADVERTISEMENTS

While I was driving down the road, this is what I saw:
A man carrying a load, with advertisements small,
They said:

Chew chocolate covered mothballs,
They'll really satisfy;
Or maybe try some meatballs
With chocolate chiffon pie;
And when you are finished
Hadn't you better try
Banana flavored tooth paste
Just to make the day go by?
And while I drove along,
There was still more to come.

It said:

People all gather round to chew wriggly gum.
Also smoke Craven A for better smoking any place,
And as you wash your clothes each day,
Sit there in your chair and smoke away
While your clothes are turning gray
With the "cheer" you bought yesterday.

JENIFER COLBY *Lower Fourth*

THE FOREST

Evening is here. A bird calls from the dusky shadows and his mate answers from the trees. A chipmunk, carrying a nut, races along a bough and disappears into his hole. Far away, a woodpecker taps on a tree, hoping to find grubs to eat. The sun glows faintly over the distant hill, and then vanishes as a pink cloud hides its face. The river is still and tranquil in the fading light. The guttural cry of a red-winged blackbird adds to the effect of the watery silence. The croak of a frog in the mud occasionally breaks the stillness. The water reflects the evening pink and blue, and the gold of the dying sunset. But the fiery splendour has passed and the night shadows already show on the opposite hills. Soon, the deep blue velvet cloak of soundless space will enfold the countryside. Soon, the tiny pinpoints of light, known as the stars, will light the way for nocturnal wanderers. The forest is very still. Beauty is everywhere, but there is no-one to see it. Soon, the spell will be broken; the spell of a summer night. Yes, Beauty has walked through these woods many times, and I have played in her path. But now, with my foot in a trap, I know I will no longer see Beauty pass on her way. Tomorrow, I feel sure, a bullet from a human's rifle will end my life.

Alexander Hutchison Essay Competition
Junior Prize (tied)

SARAH LARATT-SMITH, *Upper Fourth*



"Look Ma, No Head!"

SUE BRYANT, *Upper Fifth*

Prize-Winning Photograph

SCHOOL CHARITIES

After many hours of hard work on the part of the members and friends of the Study, we had quite a successful bazaar. As a result we were able to donate \$747 to the Cecil Butter's Memorial Home for retarded children and \$1500 to the Unitarian Service Committee of Canada. We were fortunate in having Miss Barbara Whitley; a well-known Old Girl, talk to the school about the Memorial Home; Dr. Hitschmanova gave us an interesting movie and commentary about Unitarian work abroad.

Last autumn we collected \$200 for the annual Red Feather drive. At Christmas time every class from Lower III to the staff, as is the custom, filled Christmas baskets for needy Montreal families. We also donated \$50 to the Montreal Childrens' Hospital's Tiny Tim Fund. This spring we collected \$200 for the Combined Health Appeal.

The weekly Wednesday collection, now used to support three charities, showed a fairly good response. Part of the proceeds is used to support the Patricia Drummond Cot at the Montreal Childrens' Hospital in memory of Patricia Drummond, who died while attending the school. Part is used to support our Italian sponsor child, Teresa Picossi, a very poor girl whom we adopted a few years ago through the Canadian Save the Children Fund. This year we adopted another foster child. He is eight-year-old Shin Myung whose family fled from Northern Korea with numerous other Korean refugees and who is now living in Seoul. Unfortunately his father can no longer support his family, and Shin's mother cannot keep her four children on the income which she receives from peddling fruit. It is the least we can do to help defray some of Shin's expenses. It is hoped that everyone will continue to support these school charities with the enthusiasm which she has shown this year.

PAT DAVIDSON



"Shin Myung"

"Shin's Family"



"AND SEE, NO LONGER BLINDED BY OUR EYES"

Just recently I read a poem in which I came across the line, "And see, no longer blinded by our eyes". At first it seemed very strange, but the longer I thought about it, the more truth I realized it contained. There is more than one way, however, to see. For instance, how many people have dressed themselves very carefully on Saturday morning but have not been able to tell another person what colour socks they were wearing? Again, how many people have gone through a whole day looking but not seeing? I will admit that, say on exam days, one does tend to be oblivious of everything except that "the square of eleven is one hundred and twenty-one." It is still important, though, that every day should have had something occur in it which makes it stand out from all the rest . . I don't mean things like getting back a not-so-brilliant science test, but even little things, like noticing how happy it makes a person if you greet her cheerfully on the street, or else noticing the wonderfully rustling noise of leaves underfoot in Autumn. Every day should give a bit of knowledge or happiness to your life, but remember, it's not going to be presented to you on a silver platter. Use your mind, and above all your eyes, to see and find what is happening.

There is yet another kind of seeing, however, perhaps the most important of all, the desire and the ability to see the truth both in yourself and in other people, for this is the basis of a good life. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote a story about this, called: "The Cubes of Truth". In it he says, "to every small child comes an angel holding in his right hand cubes like dice, and in his left spheres like marbles. The cubes are of stainless ivory, and on each is written in gold letters, "Truth". The spheres are veined, and streaked and spotted, with a dark crimson flush above where the light falls on them. If they are held in a certain way, you can make out upon every one of them the three letters L I E. The child to whom they are offered very probably clutches at both. The spheres are the most convenient things in the world; they roll with the least possible impulse just where the child would have them. The cubes will not roll at all; they have a great talent for standing still, and always keep right side up. But very soon the young philosopher finds that things which roll so easily are very apt to roll into the wrong corner, and to get out of his way when he most wants them. He always knows where to find the others though, for they always stay where they are left.

Thus he learns - thus we learn - to drop the streaked and speckled globes of falsehood, and to hold fast the white angular blocks of truth. But then comes Timidity, and after her Good-nature, and last of all Polite-Behaviour, all insisting that truth must roll, or nobody can do anything with it. So the first with her coarse rasp, and the second with her broad file, and the third with her silken sleeve, round off and smooth and polish the snow-white cubes of truth until they have become so dingy from use that it becomes very hard to tell them from the rolling spheres of falsehood."

So with this in mind, remember that it's very easy to agree with me, although perhaps not all of you will, but it's far different and far more important to see and to practice, rather than preach.

*The Study Old Girl's Association
Prize for Public Speaking*

GAIL LINGARD, Lower Fifth



Front Row: Debbie Motheson, Margat Svensson, Susan Nelson, Diana Mackenzie, Margat Louis. Second Raw: Edith Battamley, Verian Loxton, Dagmar Gray, Kathy Stewart, Kathy Keefer, Sally Pepall, Shelagh McLean, Gail Flintoft. Third Raw: Jaan Mall, Wendy Kyles, Anne Jahnsen, Jane Stikeman, Janet Bentley, Katrina McLean, Wendy Hampson, Janet Halden. Fourth Raw: Judy Johnston, Jill Mall, Sally Sharp, Jaan Johnston, Lynda Kaplan, Diana Pepall, Fifth Raw: Kathy Kerrigan, Ann Markham, Sally Griffin, Patty Pepall, Sally Nelson, Virginia Nanneman, Narah Hague. Back Raw: Cecil Bryant, Pat Davidsan, Rosalind Pepall, Audrey Nixon, Stephanie Laird, Jianne Robertson, Margaret Ballantyne. Absent Julia Keefer, Anne L'Anglais.

MU GAMMA



House Mistresses - - - Miss Foster, Miss Malachowski
Head - - - - - Audrey Nixon
Sub-Head - - - - - Rosalind Pepall
Games Captain - - - - - Cecil Bryant



(1) An ingredient which has led to our success in former years.

(2) Our position in the scholastic race so far this year, owing to an abundance of (3), and few (4)s. Special mention should go to (5), (6), and (7) for their outstanding work.

We are grateful to the Misses (8) and (9) for their help and support. But alas! Despite our keenness in sports we seemed to (10). Our thanks to (11) for her unrelenting encouragement in this field.

AUDREY NIXON, ROSALIND PEPALL



Front Row; left to right: Virginia Dixon, Suzanne Oates, Anne Nercessian, Simone Paatmans, Elizabeth Slaughter, Jill McMaster. Second Row: Andrea Knight, Jennifer Calby, Penny Park, Gail Murphy, Addie Markus, Penny Smith, Andrea Capping, Caraline Stephens, Sandra Laurie. Third Row: Robin Knight, Mary Ann Ferguson, Debrah Dixon, Jean Simar, Madie Rider, Ellen Harner, Wendy Ronalds, Alis Nercessian. Fourth Row: Penny Packard, Julia Case, Martha Phemister, Barbara Tennant, Ricci Zinman, Barbara Francis, Katie MacInnes. Fifth Row: Jael Paatmans, Gail Gentles, Raslyn Harwaad, Mary Pat Stephens, Jary Adams, Peggy Bates. Sixth Row: Jane Harner, Judy Ratherham, Sherry Cushing, Caraline Henwaad, Rasamand Callyer. Absent: Janice Hamilton, Susan Cape.

KAPPA RHO



House Mistresses ----- Miss Marshall, Mrs. Reynolds
 Head ----- Caroline Henwood
 Sub-Head ----- Sheryl Cushing
 Games Captain ----- Mary Pat Stephens

K - is for KNOWLEDGE, which is the basis of a winning house. We need not remind you that it takes *effort* to acquire it.

A - is for ACTION! We haven't had much of it this year, but we know you are capable of it. Eat your Spinach.

P - is for our unfortunate PAST, which is best forgotten.

P - is for PESSIMISM, our besetting sin, which as you see leads only to failure.

A - is for your ABILITY in both academics and sports which you cannot afford to disregard.

R - is for our REMEMBRANCE of the interest shown by the House Mistresses and the *real effort* made by a select few.

H - is for H'EXCELLENTS, or maybe H'ATHLETICS?

O - is for the OPPORTUNITY which will be yours next year and in the years to come. TAKE IT and GOOD LUCK!

CAROLINE HENWOOD, SHERRY CUSHING



Front row: Amanda Fisher, Martha Turner, Elizabeth Aimers, Margaret de Jong. Second raw: Claire Schreiber, Diana LaFleur, Rosanne Simard, Beth Lewis, Sally Kemp, Lynn Birks. Third raw: Sandra Lingard, Judy Fisher, Debbie Casey, Kathy Gould, Kathleen Kirkpatrick, Manica Keator, Elizabeth Little, Gail Lingard. Fourth raw: Leslie Gould, Jennifer Hill, Christine Curry, Mary Lyman, Hinda Schreiber, Betty Sazie. Fifth raw: Sally Baxter, Christie French, Patty McLernan, Susan Fisher, Lausia Mathias, Andrea Thompson, Jane Birks, Gail Victor. Back raw: Bev Birks, Penny Daman, Cindy King, Jay Thompson, Susan Baxter, Barbara Birks, Angela Pyke, Carol Frueh, Lizette Gilday, Cathy Peters.

DELTA BETA



House Mistresses ----- Mrs. Scott, Mlle. Panet-Raymond.
 Head----- Sue Baxter.
 Sub-Head ----- Joy Thompson.
 Games Captain ----- Bubby Birks.

You are last, Delta Beta, 'tis the end of the year,
 More rules than excellents seemed to appear;
 Our spirit undaunted we fought 'till the end,
 But next year it won't be the trend.
 The house, we believe, tried very hard,
 Our special thanks to "DeJong" and "Lingard".
 In gym and sports we could not do less,
 Than go all out for a great success.
 Thanks to you both, Mrs. Scott and Mamselle,
 And you girls of our house, we think you are swell;
 Our last year at The Study, you've made lots of fun,
 Good luck in the future, and "Thanks" everyone!

SUE BAXTER and JOY THOMPSON



First Row: Maggie Willis O'Connor, Lucy Kerrigan, Ruth Tait, Sally Morgan-Grenville, Toro Shoughnessy. Second Row: Gail Honnaford, Gail Johnston, Donielle Kraus, Julio Harris, Jane Meagher, Virginia Morse. Third Row: Elspeth Mockoy, Corol Hannaford, Carolyn Kerrigan, Ann Yuile, Roxane Shaughnessy, Susan Mackenzie, Goil Murphy. Fourth Row: Shirley Dillingham, Ann Norsworthy, Anne Common, Carol Norsworthy, Amanda Shaughnessy, Trish Strathy, Noncy Savage, Denise Grossman. Fifth Row: Anne de Mortigny, Joann Eggar, Patricia Shannon, Susan Rose, Kathy Common, Lynn Morkham. Sixth Row: Holly Nelson, Betty Finnie, Claire Morler, Cothy Jorvis. Seventh Row: Joonie Troversy, Eleanor Fleet, Judith Stewart, Judy Parish, Sheila MacLean, Martha Trower. Absent: Nina Fialkowski, Penny Rankin.

BETA LAMBDA



House Mistresses ----- Mrs. Reiffenstein, Miss McGreevy
 Head ----- Sheila MacLean
 Sub-Head ----- Judith Stewart
 Games Captain ----- Judy Parish

BETA LAMBDA = (Nancy Savage + Jane Meagher + Ruth Tait) - (rules, + detentions + laters)
 = (Excellent + House spirit) (Athletics - demerits)
 = Academic cup + sports cup (axiom of Reiffenstein and McGreevy)
 = Conclusion: 1 Something must be wrong.
 2 Good luck in solving the problem next year.

SHEILA MACLEAN and JUDITH STEWART

DISCOVERY

It was hot in the country that summer — the first really hot spell for a long time (since 1948, I heard one of the old men in front of Hickson's Drug Store say). But the heat never really hung on top of you, like it does in some places, there were always the mountains to keep it at a distance. Still, though, you could sometimes feel the sun on your back, which is unusual in Kilbury. I noticed it most riding, practising jumps in the polo field, and after, when I got off, my jeans would stick to my knees.

I rode quite a lot that summer. I used to like to ride up to the top of Aswan, where the dam had gone out the autumn before. It had scraped a big hole all down the side of the mountain, and there were bare rocks and tree roots hanging out everywhere. At the bottom there had been a house — a big modern log cabin — and now it was completely gone. They said the stove was at the bottom of the lake. But since it was Caulson's house, nobody really minded. At least it got his wife away — she apparently went back to the apartment in New York for good. Mr. Caulson still used to come back in the summer sometimes, but never for long. I guess he didn't like to feel inferior, living in the same rooms as the guests, when he was the owner. Some of the guests even had nicer rooms, because, after all, the hotel had to think of its reputation.

The only person who missed Caulson at all was my great-aunt. It used to make her feel important, having him to tea. I don't think she even really liked him. She just had him so she could mention it to her friends afterwards — Caulson was an important man in Kilbury. She wasn't really a snob, she had just known important people all her life, so name-dropping was a habit, and she never really thought about it.

They would sit on the verandah having hot tea with lemon. Mr. Caulson would look hot and uncomfortable. My great-aunt would start to talk about somebody, and then Mr. Caulson would say that the somebody was dead, and that would end the conversation. I usually had to come in and Mr. Caulson would say, 'How are you dear are you enjoying yourself,' and I would say, 'Yes thank you Mr. Caulson very much.' We would sit and smile at each other and then I could leave.

He came down to the stables one day, dressed to go riding. He had on jodhpurs, and a white shirt because it was hot. The shirt flapped around his skinny arms and his jodhpurs were baggy. He looked old.

He took the road up to Aswan, and so I rode off the other way, up the other side of the mountain. I liked him, but I wanted to sing to myself and pretend things.

I rode and rode, and got lost in the woods on the top of Aswan. All of a sudden I came out into a clearing and I saw that I was right by the ruin of the old dam. He was there too. He had his back to me, and he was talking to himself. Then he was quiet, just staring at the slabs of concrete with wires poking out everywhere. I went up and said "Mr. Caulson?" He jumped around and his eyes were red and old.

Then he looked really angry. He raised his crop, whacked the horse, and went off through the woods, right among the branches.

When I got back to the stable he was just leaving, and Ben, the groom, was making faces at his back. All the employees hated Mr. Caulson.

I didn't tell Ben what I'd seen — it seemed too important somehow. I never told anybody — even when I heard he'd killed himself in New York... But I didn't ride up to Aswan again for a long time. I started to hate the place.

ART



From the Sixth Form sitting room, the joyful clamor of the little ones at work is heard as Miss Tedeschi encourages them to express themselves freely with vibrant colours. Under Miss Tedeschi, the art classes have experienced new and challenging media. Apart from painting they plunged into a great variety of creative art. This included print-designing with linographs, plasters, papier-mâches and diverse Japanese techniques. This year the art room has had an oriental flavour because of Miss Tedeschi's summer sojourn in Japan. She brought back slides which were enjoyed by the whole school, delicate Japanese brushes, and rice paper. Everyone made good technical use of the latter. The Senior Class even accomplished the feat of using its hand-made prints to design elegant kimonos!

The Lower School, in an exciting month-long project on Hawaii, made their own native costumes, complete with leis, grass skirts and musical instruments. Then in a grand climax in the gym they sang folk songs taught them by Miss Panet-Raymond, and performed dances taught by their teachers.

As usual the gym was decorated at Christmas and Bazaar-time exuberantly and colourfully with paintings done mainly by the little ones. In fact Janie Fontein won a special S.P.C.A. poster award—a great honour for someone in Lower B. Sarah Larrat-Smith and Wendy Hampson each received honourable mentions.

We feel that there was much originality and creativity in the art room this year.

JANE HORNER and MARTHA TROWER



DRAMATIC NOTES



RJ

This year's first dramatic performance was the Upper IV's and Lower V's presentation, under the direction of Mrs. Reynolds, of the age-old story of the Nativity. Despite its familiarity, this story never fails to remind us of the true meaning of Christmas.

The main parts in the play were taken by Gail Lingard as Mary and Sally Sharp as Joseph, who were supported by a very able cast.

We wish to give special thanks to Mrs. Scott, Miss McGreevy, and Mlle. Panet-Raymond for their part in making this play such a success.

We are looking forward to this same group's presentation of 'She Stoops to Conquer', scheduled for later this spring.

We are looking forward to this same group's presentation of Oliver Goldsmith's 'She Stoops to Conquer' scheduled for later this spring.

This production, again under the direction of Mrs. Reynolds with Miss McGreevy's assistance, is to be one of the largest dramatic productions in the school's history, and the highlight of this year's dramatic season. The costumes have been made especially by Mrs. Scyner, aided by the cast and other students to add to the authenticity of the atmosphere. A special presentation is planned for the parents.

CATHY JARVIS
XENIA KIRKPATRICK

LANGUAGES

In recent years the school has placed more and more emphasis on languages — particularly on spoken French. The French department has been greatly enlarged this year and a slight change in the timetable has allowed us much more opportunity to practise our French conversation in small groups. In addition, we are given the chance to use foreign languages after school hours: The Sixth Form held its annual French evening in April. After a dinner at "Chez Pierre" we saw Offenbach's "La Vie Parisienne," played by the Theatre de France. This lively comedy was easy to understand and therefore the more enjoyable.

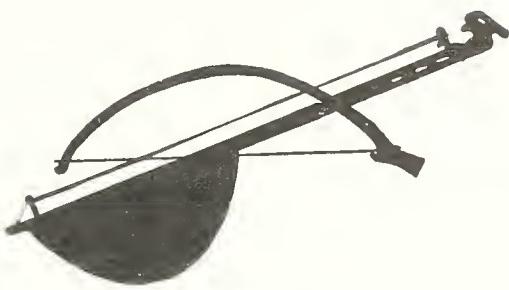
Unfortunately the usual German excursions and the French week-end had to be cancelled owing to the illness of the respective teachers. We hope, however, to resume these next year.

Now that the Boulevard has become "Rue des Ecoles", we have taken advantage of the situation by having a rendez-vous with the "College Michele Provost". Both groups had an interesting time practising the other's language while making neighbours into friends.

But perhaps our interest in languages was best shown at the Christmas concert. The program included carols sung in Spanish, German Latin and French. All of these, with the exception of Spanish, are taught in the school, and we who are leaving this year can now fully appreciate the opportunities that have been offered us. To those of you who must struggle with French verbs for a few years yet — profitez-en!

CAROLINE HENWOOD and STEPHANIE LAIRD

MUSIC



There was one feature of music at the Study this year which overshadowed all others; the advent of Mlle. Panet-Raymond. She has taken over Miss Blanchard's demanding role with energy and enthusiasm — two qualities which are essential if a tone-deaf sixth form is to maintain The Study's formidable high 'G'. Formerly large classes have been divided, providing more opportunity for individual attention, and, except during moments of overwhelming inspiration, Upper School classes are carried on in French. In addition, one class a week is devoted to theory and the history of music, and, after reading through various French-Canadian folk-songs, we feel more and more at home among the clefs and key-signatures of musical notation.

By the beginning of November we were preparing for the Christmas concert. The Lower School was, as usual, very entertaining — one particularly enthusiastic child sang lustily, three tones flat. The Third and Fourth forms' traditional carols were followed by an intriguing and lively performance with recorders and percussion. The Upper School made its debut in Spanish with a traditional lullaby. Along with a French folk-song and "The Twelve Days of Christmas", we sang an excerpt from Handel's Messiah, "For Unto Us a Child is Born".

The school was privileged to be given a concert and lecture by Mario Duschenes, on recorders and music in general. It was a lively and entertaining afternoon; the audience was quickly caught up in the mood and encouraged to take part in rounds and canons.

Many thanks to Miss Jones, who has accompanied us during classes with never-failing patience and dependability; Mlle. Panet-Raymond has helped many of us to realize the importance of music, as a source of pleasure.

The Upper School has been invited to sing at Erskine and American United Church, and, at time of writing, we are choosing selections for an interesting programme.

ELEANOR FLEET and CAROLINE HENWOOD

THE DOG THAT LOST HIS BARK

Once upon a time, on a farm, lived a dog. Now this dog wasn't an ordinary sort of dog because he was always losing something. It might be his collar or his coat or his leash; always something useful!

Now one day when he was walking in the corn field he had his bark in his pocket. Suddenly it fell out, and he didn't notice, mind you, but it did fall out. When he got home a thief was stealing all his food and belongings. He tried to bark but he couldn't. Meantime, back in the corn field, a crow was passing by. He saw the bark, picked it up and carried it home. He put an add in the "Quink Super Moon" It read as follows:

"Quink Super Moon":

"Found, somebody's bark. Owners may claim it at the lost and found bureau." The next morning, the dog read the paper and got his bark back, and my story ends.

SUZANNE OATES, *Lower Third*

ELFLAND

Elfland is in the Forest of Imagination. It is very pretty, but very odd. It is well to be wary when one walks there, for traps are set everywhere by the elves, and the more mischievous the traveller is, the trickier are the snares. Strings, made of the stems of flowers, are stretched across paths everywhere, and sometimes a pot of water is waiting to greet one's head on the other side!

In Elfland everyone is merry. Cruelty, sorrow, and deceit have no place in that fair country. The elves are dressed in suits of yellow, with little red caps on their heads. They have sharp, mischievous blue eyes, with which they can see the smallest insect. Their steeds are the birds, flying aloft on Wings of Thought. High in the treetops they search for the seeds of Ideas, and when they find one, they plant it in the Forest of Imagination. Some Ideas become beautiful flowers, but others become weeds.

The way to the Forest of Imagination is a long road, and unless you travel it early, you will never see Elfland.

Third Form Essay Prize

MARGOT LOUIS, *Lower Third*

THE SAGA OF THE MISSING BUNS

Tuesday morning, eleven-ten,
Down came the girls, running like men.
Each had visions of a cinnamon bun
Chewy and gooey and well worth the run!
That's what they sought,
But here's what they got —
Ritz, Social Tea, and Squashed Fly.
"Where are the buns?" went up the cry.
They looked in the lockers, accosted the staff,
They found a stale "ginger" — broken in half,
They opened up cupboards, looked underneath chairs
Till break was over, then back upstairs,
They sat in their desks, melancholy, and frowned.
But not even yet has the culprit been found.
So here is a warning, whoever it be —
We'll not be content with an old "Social Tea!"

PERCY BYSSHE HORNER, CAROLINE KEATS, and
STEPHANIE TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

SNOWSHOEING

Snowshoeing up hill, down dale,
Through the mountains and down
through the valleys,
Away we go on our brown wicker snow-
shoes.
The robins and the sparrows fly.
The slim fox scurries by,
Away we go on our brown wicker snow-
shoes,
Away we go on our brown wicker snow-
shoes!

SALLY MORGAN-GRENVILLE,
Lower Third



"Sherlock Horner Copes Again"

MY GREATEST FEAR

Out of nowhere came two large glassy eyes, peering at my father. Then a large kind of shovel reached into the bowl and snatched my father away. I heard screams, but they were soon lost in a terrifying meow! "Was I next?" I thought to myself. I had always had a fear that Alvin, the cat would do some harm to my family. This was not his first attempt, although he had never been successful before. My fear was now even greater that he would soon capture me. Just then one of those creatures with two stilts to walk on and some sort of weed on top came into the room. She looked into the bowl and noticed that my father was gone. Turning around she spotted Alvin in the corner licking his lips. She picked him up and giving him a slap she put him out the door. I didn't see Alvin for days until he finally returned from, I think, a training school.

He is well behaved now and we are the best of friends.

JANE STIKEMAN, *Upper Fourth*

THE CHANGING FACE OF MONTREAL

I gazed out of the window dreamily, and let my eyes wander from the bare trees and rooftops to the icy St. Lawrence. A church spire rose in the distance, and a puff of smoke from a factory chimney floated up into the air. In the street below, a steady stream of cars zoomed noisily by, and a bus, rumbling along, honked its horn with impatience. Turning slightly, I looked above the television antennas and regarded Montreal's new skyline. The Place Ville Marie and the Bank of Commerce building seemed to soar up, modern, bold, tall, and narrow. Slightly higher, a lonely airplane racing through the sky was hidden by a gigantic cloud.

I thought of Montreal when it was founded, a forest-clad island in the midst of what must have seemed an enormous, raging river. Gradually the small settlement spread, farms became villages, villages suburbs, and the suburbs — part of the expanding city. The houses became "more compact" and seemed almost to pick themselves up and move closer together. The stone roads were paved with asphalt; and wooden sidewalks were changed to ones of cement; the horse and buggy were replaced by the car. Through other such changes Montreal became what it is today — a pushing, pulling city, greedy for more land, and constantly ready to spread out even farther. The countryside of yesterday is just another part of the city today. More bridges are being built; in fact, it is hard to believe that the largest city in Canada was ever built on an island. However, it is a wonderful place for a seaport. Ships from all over the world roam in and out among the large docks and grain elevators. Because the river freezes in the winter, harbour trade stops for a few months, and each year great honour is bestowed on the first ship to come into port after the ice has been broken. Although the St. Lawrence Seaway was supposed to cut down quite a lot of our marine traffic, our harbour is still one of the main seaports in Canada, and will probably remain so.

I think the World's Fair may bring added esteem to Montreal, and perhaps change its face even more. Apartments seem to be growing up higher, as are most office buildings, and will probably be most impressive to the tourists. Although several old houses are being demolished to make way for these conveniences, many historic places are being carefully preserved, and may be even more fascinating to the millions of visitors who are expected.

Montreal also plans to become more united. All the suburbs and small townships within the city are to be annexed and added to the metropolis itself.

But, besides growing in width and height, Montreal has grown in another way. It has more people. The rich, the poor; the indolent, the hard-working; the educated, the ignorant; the French, the English — all are a part of the population of two million. They are found anywhere and everywhere in this bustling city. At home or at work, these are the people who made Montreal what it is today, and they will be the ones to build its future.

BARBARA TENNANT, *Lower Fifth*

SPORTS REPORT

We are going to miss Miss Moore around the gym. next year, but luckily for us she won't be too far away. We will find her sitting behind Miss Ingham's desk, as well as organizing our lunches and looking after our sprains and cuts. But Miss Moore has been the Games Mistress for thirty five years, and during this time she has managed to get us, and many before us, interested in all sorts of sports. We are grateful to her for having taught us the skills and techniques of basketball, volleyball, apparatus work, badminton and swimming, but more important, for having shown us what good sportsmanship is. Our interscholastic teams have been very successful this year and in the past, thanks to her, and although we didn't win *everything*, we certainly had fun trying. Miss Moore has shown us that to win is not the important thing, and that it is much more fun if we just try our best.

It is through Miss Moore's efforts that the Study's sports have always been at a high standard. For this, we thank her, and wish her luck in her new position.

BASKETBALL:

Short or tall, thin or otherwise, the athletes of The Study turned out to play basketball. As soon as the three teams were chosen, practising began. For a while it seemed as if the guards were trying to see how many "shots" they could knock out, and the shots were anxious to discover how many consecutive misses they could make at the basket. Finally the skirmishes began to look more professional and the game began to resemble basketball.

The first, second and third teams were undefeated all season. As well as the regular league games with Miss Edgar's, Trafalgar and Weston, we played two exhibition games with St. George's School and with Montreal High. Some of the games were very close, but we managed to remain undefeated and brought both inter-school cups back again.

SKIING:

On March 15, the "Rattler" trail at Avila Ski center was mobbed with keen, not-so-keen, and panic-stricken skiers. The event was the annual schoolgirls race.

Two senior teams and one Junior team were entered from The Study. The senior "A" was very successful and came second in the race; Bubby Birks was fifth in the giant slalom, and all the other members skied steadily. The leader on the senior "B" was Andrea Thompson. The junior team tried hard, but the competition was stiff and they placed sixth.

After the race all the skiers gathered at the Penguin Ski Club for the prizegiving. Congratulations to Ste. Agathe, who took both the junior and senior trophies home.

VOLLEYBALL:

House volleyball was the best supported activity all year. The turnout was so overwhelming that one rarely had a chance to hit the ball(. . . maybe that was the attraction of it!)

The enthusiasm shown promoted the formation of two inter-scholastic teams. They were composed of ten players each. They challenged Montreal High to a game, and although the first team won only one of their two games and the second team lost both of them, the outing proved to be a lot of fun, and showed promise for future games.



First Basketball Team - left to right. Judy Rotherham, Sherry Cushing, Stephonie Loird, Joonne Robertson (Captain), Audrey Nixan, Judith Stewart, Judy Porish, Joonie Troversy



Second Basketball Team - left to right. Caroline Henwood, Susie Boxter, Andrea Thompson, Rasomond Collyer, Patricia Shannon, Ricki Zinmon, Jone Birks, Solly Sharp, Mory Pot Stephens, (kneeling) Sheila MacLean (Captain).



Third Basketball Team - left to right: Diana Pepall, Jennifer Hill, Sally Nelsan, Katie MacInnes, Nancy Savage, Sally Griffin, Susan Rose, Julia Case, Patty Pepall, Gail Gentles, (in front) Sally Baxter, Susie Bryant (Captain) Hally Nelsan.



Tennis Team - left to right. Barbara Birks (Captain), Jaanie Traversy, Rasalind Pepall, Judith Stewart.

TENNIS:

The tennis meet was held at the Mount Royal Tennis Club on a warm sunny afternoon in October. The two doubles teams played very well and won every game but one. Their total number of points was greater than any of the other three schools, so they brought the cup back again after its visit at Miss Edgar's.

LEADERS' CORPS:

There are three ways one might be able to tell that leaders' corps is in session; if one heard the "boing" of the springboard, saw a strange creature in shorts and tights, or heard a voice complaining about stiff muscles! But by the time the gym. demonstration came around the strange creatures were transformed into white, the stiff muscles had disappeared and the "boing" of the springboard had taken on a new tone. The improvement which resulted from the girls' practising was much in evidence when they managed to put on an interesting exhibition with their vaulting, tumbling and rope work.

SWIMMING, 1963:

The annual swimming meet last year was held at the YWCA pool on a beautiful summer day. The swimmers, filled with "house spirit" as well as a desire to parade their new bathing suits, made the afternoon an exciting one. The two highlights of the day came when one girl did a "one and a half flip", and another did a "back flop!"

Delta Beta won the day, and all the Delta Betans were very enthused. But everyone went home feeling it had been a refreshing afternoon!



Leaders Corps: Back Row (L. to R.) Pat Shannon, Jane Birks, Raslyn Harwaad, Lizette Gilday, Gail Gentles, Audrey Nixon, Pat McLernan, Katie MacInnes, Sally Sharp, Julia Case, Cathy Peters. Second Row: Anne Markham, Nancy Savage, Gail Lingard, Sue Baxter, Rosamond Callyer, Hally Nelsan, Sally Baxter, Sue Bryant. Front Row: Ricki Zinman, Barbara Birks, Andrea Thampsan.



Ski Team - Senior A (L. to R.) Holly Nelson, Sally Boxter, Joy Thompson, Sue Rase, Kathy Kerrigan. Senior B: Cindy King, Gail Gentles, Lizette Gilday, Rosomond Collyer, Morty Trower, Andreo Thompson. Kneeling: Barbaro Birks (Captain of Senior A), Audrey Nixon (Captain of Senior B).



Junior Ski Team - (L. to R.) Corolyn Kerrigan, Roxonne Shoughnessy, Coroline Stephens, Kathy Stewart, Susan Mackenzie, Nancy Savage (Captain).

SWIMMING, 1964:

For the first time this year the Study entered a junior and a senior team in the private school interscholastic meet in the fall. Despite the fact that our swimmers were not "conditioned" we managed to come third. Trafalgar won the meet by a narrow margin over Miss Edgar's.

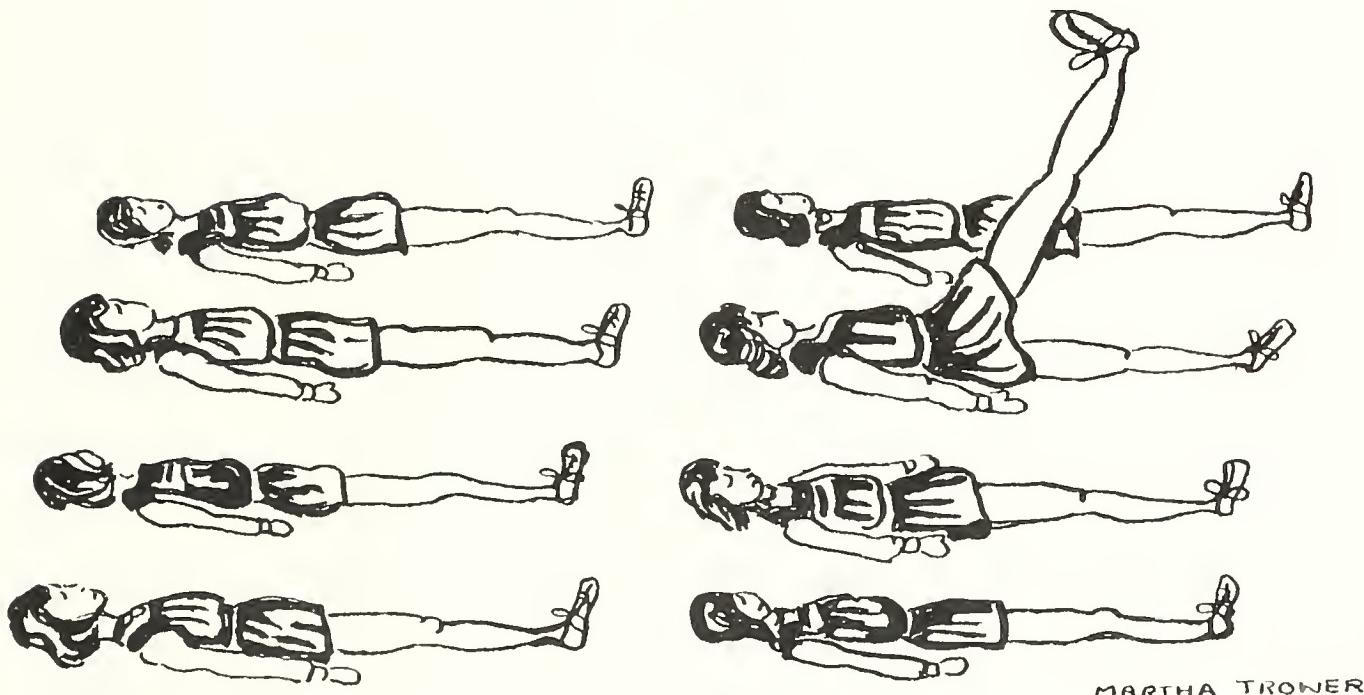
Our senior swimmers were: Sally Baxter, Barbara Birks, Lizette Gilday, Holly Nelson and Judith Stewart. The juniors were: Dagmar Grey, Caroline Kerrigan, Robin Knight, Gail Murphy, Amanda and Roxanne Shaughnessy, Kathy Stewart and Ann Yuile.

SPORTS DAY, 1963:

Once again on a sweltering May day last year, Murray Park was invaded by masses of spirited "Study Girls". While some energetic types sat on the sidelines complaining of the heat, others ran, sacked or skipped enthusiastically around the park.

Mu Gamma proved to have the most stamina and therefore was the victor. But despite this effort, Beta Lamda had earned more points during the year and succeeded in winning the Sports cup.

AUDREY NIXON, GAMES CAPTAIN.



MARTHA TROWER

"The Gymnastics Demonstration in progress"

THE FOREST

Early one summer's morning I picked my way carefully through the dew-covered forest and entered the wood. The bright sun slanted through the tree branches, making lacy patterns on the forest floor, which was covered with a carpet of pine needles.

The air was still and hot. My feet made no sounds as I padded up the forested hill-side. As I reached the top I spied a large craggy rock, about seven feet high and five feet in diameter. The boulder gave me an idea. I clambered rather clumsily up and settled myself. I remained very quiet. On my right I could see the lake through the trees, stretching away, icy blue with the pines framing the picturesque scene.

To the left was a maze of oaks, pines and beeches, closely knit and darkly sombre.

But it was the sight directly in front and below me that held my attention. From out of a hole beneath a knarled worn oak crept a skunk. Its body sported a long silver stripe which ran down the length of it. Its eyes, bright and black, darted from side to side nervously. Behind it a weasel crept in the opposite direction and a squirrel bounded about in the leafy treetops. A scarlet tanager sang merrily in the branches of a beech tree and some swallows flew over my head. The weasel had found a patch of sunlight and was playing with its tail. The skunk nibbled happily at roots about the base of the rock. I watched unseen. All was silent.

I lay on my back and watched the clouds sail by, in the calm sea that was the sky. . .

Like a bomb a small motorboat shattered the stillness as it roared out of a hidden cove below. Just as quickly the wildlife disappeared. . .

I wandered aimlessly down the hill—I supposed it would be time to do the breakfast dishes. . .

WENDY HAMPSON, *Upper Fourth*

SOCRATES JONES

Socrates Jones was a curious cat,
He always ate bones and left off the fat.
His whiskers were chewed and his tail was all torn,
His eyes were bright blue but he still looked forlorn.
He always caught fish in the swift-running stream,
He'd finish the fish and have a bad dream;
He'd always dream that the world was to end,
The fish came alive and themselves did defend.
They tore out his whiskers and pulled at his tail
And rattled him 'round in an old garbage pail.
They dunked him in water from which they had come,
Until he began to cry for his mom.

BY LOWER FOURTH



*"Who Put The Chicklet
Under The Table?"*

KATHY KERRIGAN,

Upper Fifth

MY MISTRESS

By Soot

I am a black cat. My mistress is very kind to me, but not to people — she eats them. Everyone calls her a witch. Every morning I wash myself, and go and sit on a box in the kitchen for my lessons. My mistress comes in and starts to teach me magic tricks. I must say, she is rather ugly. She has a huge pointed nose with a pimple on the tip, long black scraggy hair, and black evil-looking eyes with bushy eyebrows above them.

On Hallowe'en we ride on a broom. It is great fun. We ride all over the place and watch all the children ringing doorbells. I remember one time when my mistress picked a little boy up and took him home for supper; he was very tasty.

I sleep in a four-poster bed which is very comfortable, but my mistress has a better bed of course. Our mattresses are stuffed with little babies, because they are the softest things my mistress can find. I hope I will never have to part with her.

ANNE NERCESSIAN, *Lower Third*

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her,

Put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter and his wife lived quite happily for many years until one day his wife said, "Peter, I wish you would stop eating pumpkins." "But why, dear?" said Peter. "Because every single time you buy a pumpkin that means twenty five more Pinky Stamps and soon my tongue is going to be so dry (from licking the stamps) that I will have to go out and buy a new one, and my old tongue suits me quite well," replied Mrs. Pumpkin Eater.

For a few weeks Peter tried to stay off pumpkins, but the temptation was great for him and one night he brought home the biggest his wife had ever seen. This made Mrs. Pumpkin Eater very cross, and she told Peter that he would have to lick all the Pinky stamps. Gathering up the books, which were crowded with stamps, Mrs. Pumpkin Eater set off for the "trade in" counter. When she got there she dumped all the books on the counter and asked for the largest pumpkin shell house they had.

It was not very big so Mrs. Pumpkin Eater was able to pull it home in a wagon. When she got home she set it up in the garden and moved in.

So as you can see, the verse was wrong, for Peter did not put his wife in a pumpkin shell. She bought it for herself and moved in of her own accord . . .



"Tomorrow's S.O.G.A ?"

ELLEN HORNER, *Upper Fourth*

LIFE

As spring time follows winter,
And sunshine follows rain,
So when we see life's rainbow,
The world grows bright again.

Yet sometimes clouds will seem so thick
You'll think they'll never part,
But as you grow in wisdom,
They'll part within your heart.

For as you grow in wisdom,
You'll understand life's faults,
You'll find life's what you make it,
And not all chocolate malts.

RUTH TAIT *Lower Third*

ELSPETH MACKAY, *Lower Fourth*

THE BAT

He came at dusk. I did not
Expect his sudden arrival.
Swift as light, he winged his way
Down from the dark shadows
In the branches of the trees.
Flying close by my head, he
Took me by surprise. Then
Up he swooped, and dived
To catch a passing moth.
Twice he circled me, as if
He pondered my existence,
My life, as that of a rock
Or of a human, and then,
Without even saying goodbye,
He vanished into the gathering dark.

Prize-winning poem

SARAH LARRAT-SMITH *Upper IV*



"It's only a game, Audie!"

MALUM SOMNIUM

I had a *longum somnium*,
Which seemed to me *abomnium*,
So many *dramatis personae*
Which flashed upon my inward eye.

What is this thing that *singus* thus?
It seems to be a "Beatleus"!
Georgius, Ringo, Paulus, Johnus,
Came upon me --- oh so *strongus*!

What a shock to one's own system,
Statim up went my right *fistum*.
They kept on singing *tota noete*,
Until it was *septem o'clocke*.

When I awoke I still heard more —
Unus et duo, tres, quattuor.
I guess I can be never rid
Of those *qui eanunt eantus* did!

SHERRY CUSHING, *Sixth Form*

THE FOREST

The sun was now setting. Within the forest, the night-life citizens were waking. A brisk breeze chilled the hot summer air, and made ripples on the dark pond. Here, mother coon was giving her young ones fishing lessons, for she was an expert. A lone wolf's howl was answered by the pack in another part of the wood. An old owl was searching for prey in the entangled underbrush. Further on, a female cougar lay hidden in a secluded thicket. Nearby, her mate and cubs lay sleeping. Silence reigned.

The dull beams of a weary moon filtered through the twigs and ferns concealing the cougar family. Maha, the mother, shifted restlessly from one haunch to the other as she crouched expectantly. She was uneasy, because something was wrong. She was sure of it; an inner sense told her so. She sniffed the air warily but could not find any danger there. A small pack-rat scurried just in front of her. Once again she sniffed, this time with alert caution. Then she knew. With a leap she righted herself and frantically woke her sleeping family. By this time the smell of smoke was distinct. Instinct had warned her once, and now again it would land her towards safety.

In single file the two cougars and the two cubs ran along with both friend and enemy alike. All were headed for water. The smaller and more feeble of the animals fell back, but the cougars kept on. Smoke, soot, and ashes began to fill the air and to sting their eyes. The weaker of the cubs, Jose, began to lag under the strain of the frantic flight. She dropped behind, farther and farther, until finally Maha turned back to encourage her.

The leaping red flames drew closer. Maha retraced her steps. The ground was dry, and burning sparks began to surround her and the cubs as they fought their fatigue. Both her mate and her son had gone on; it was up to her to save Jose and herself. With skill and agility they jumped over the ever-increasing patches of fire, although their pace was not as rapid as was necessary.

An anguished cry from Maha startled Jose as she obediently followed her mother's path, and fear gripped her when she saw Maha's coat aflame. Bewildered with mounting fear for her, she hesitated, but then an elm with flaming branches fell upon the two. Their piercing cries wailed in the glowing night, and then were silenced for evermore.

DISCOVERY

5060 A. D.

It had been a simply beautiful day. I had been to work in the morning at the zoo, and had made many discoveries. The new pair of onrgs from Astra had had kams and they were doing well, all five hundred of them. The strange batfish from Pluto was hibernating, as it always seemed to be doing, in the block of ice provided for it in the corner, while the anaka from Alpha Centari were cooing in the pile of cans they regarded as home.

I conducted the usual tour of the aquarium, noting with pleasure that the miniature whales had not been eaten yet by the saags. Then came the best discovery of all, the aaps, which had been delivered from Venus just a week before, had produced an infant. Aaps are very worrying birds and have never bred in captivity before. I was thrilled; it was so small, only about ten feet long, and was covered with green fur which was very soft and almost like velvet to touch. Its two long horns were perfect (sometimes they are broken off), and all of its eight eyes were working. I must explain that quite often only four of them are able to work, the rest are blind. I reported it to my superiors and left for home, a short hop across the way, in Ran, on Jupiter.

In the afternoon, after having lunch on the scooter station among the asteroids, I found that one of my orgs had finally learnt to talk. It was sitting upside down on my dresser, talking its tail off about the most nonsensical things such as that myth about the civilization before the Great Burn Off and other oddities.

Yes, it certainly had been a great day for discoveries but the best were yet to come. The cleaner robot had finally decided to come and the apartment was spotless. Also, the garbage disposal unit had been fixed and would work now.

Then came the last discovery. I had decided to take a nice, warm bath before sitting down to watch the three-dimensional television. I went to the bathroom and there in my nice, clean spotless bathtub, was a nasty, huge, hairy spider! I do not know anything worse than finding a large spider in the bath when you have no boots on. It looks so primeval with all that black hair and those beady, glowing eyes. I did everything to try to get it out of the bath; not wanting to drown it, I bombed it with the soap. It rolled into a ball and went on sitting there. It did not seem to mind me at all. I whisked it down to the chain end of the bath to try and wash it down the plug-hole, but just when I thought it had gone, there it was again, climbing up the chain.

I thought maybe a bath would not be just what I wanted, after all; maybe a nice shave would do, I started, and the spider decided that maybe the bath was too hard to rest on, and came up the towel and stopped at the top. I got extremely jittery and gave up the shave.

To this day, the spider is still in the bathroom, and I have grown a beard from not shaving. Sometime, I will have to shave and if that spider is still there, I am sure that I shall cut my throat; leaving this note:

"Driven to it by the spider in the bath".



NORA HAGUE, *Middle Five*

"Lower School Bomb Drill?"

THE WILD STALLION

The horse was wild, the horse was free;
And he screamed and roared by the angry sea,
With his small black head and his eyes of flame,
He neighed to the world, "I'll never be tame!"

The stallion could not conquer be,
By force, by love, or by the sea.
No horse could e'er, in strength or speed,
Surpass him; often he would lead
Mustangs; and when the wind blew shrill,
He'd still stand, proud, on his lofty hill.

Third Form Poetry Prize

MARGOT LOUIS, Lower Third

THE FOREST

The dried leaves rustled under Peter's feet. The forest had maple saplings, birches, and dark oaks. The forest was typical of those found in New England. Peter, however, had just moved to Vermont just this summer from the Canadian Prairies. He was not used to so many trees. To the small five-year-old boy, the trees seemed especially tall, and the shadows the early morning sun cast danced merrily on the ground before him.

Peter had started school, or rather kindergarten, this fall. For the first two weeks or so, Mrs. Wilkinson, Peter's mother, had walked to and from school with him. The walk from the school was not very long, but Peter's mother wanted to be sure that the path through the forest was clear in her son's mind.

Each morning Peter had walked through the forest that seemed so cheerful and friendly in the bright early sun, with his mother. On his way home, he usually told his mother about his sandcastles being the biggest, or how he had come second-to-last in the relay race.

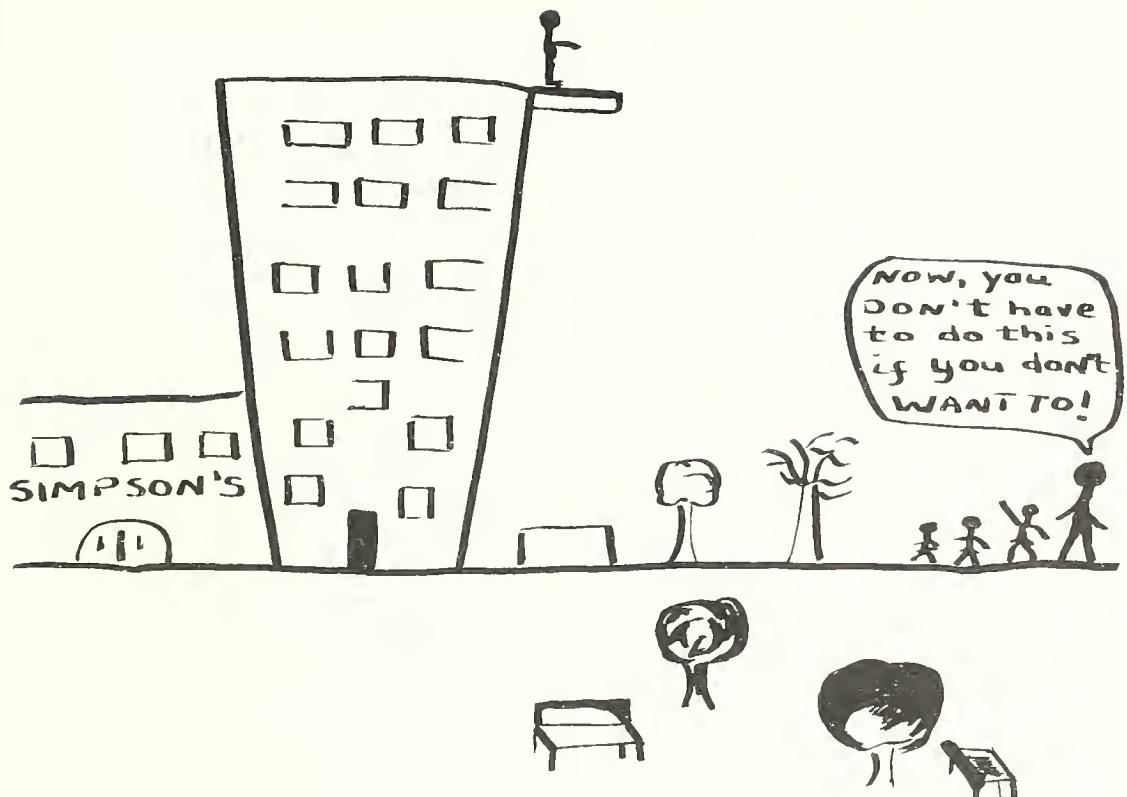
Today Peter had walked to school on his own, carefully following the path. It had been windy this morning, and as the day progressed the sky became heavily overcast.

The school bell rang. Peter put on his hat and coat and left the school building. As he walked along the road, he noticed the dark clouds in the sky. When he reached the path leading through the forest, he stopped and looked into the forest. It was dark, and heavy shadows hung over the path. When the wind blew, a low moan could be heard up in the trees.

Peter took a deep breath and started to run as fast as his little legs would go. Each big oak tree seemed to try and grab him, and the slim birches moaned, and the dark unfriendly shadows seemed to grow larger and larger. It started to rain and Peter ran even faster.

Suddenly Peter heard his mother calling him. She was just around the next swerve in the path. He stopped, tucked in his shirt, pulled up his socks, and walked round the turn with a big smile on his face. Peter put on the raincoat his mother had brought him and held her hand tightly as they walked through the forest.

ANN NORSWORTHY, *Upper Fourth*



Prize-winning cartoon

by JEAN SIMOR, *Lower Fourth*

LES SOLDATS

Sur la colline couverte d'arbres
 Les soldats surveillent la plaine,
 Avec leurs fusils et leurs sabres
 Soutenus seulement par la haine.

Rempli de sang, ce terrible jour,
 Ils pensent avec leurs coeurs bien lourds,
 A leurs familles, frères et soeurs.
 O! chère patrie! Il a donné leurs coeurs!

Et maintenant, pendant qu'ils pensent ces choses,
 Le soleil baisse, le ciel devient rose,
 Au coin de l'horizon, l'ennemi apparaît,
 Les fusils se dressent et ils sonnent!

C'est la guerre maintenant et les pauvres hommes,
 Repoussent leurs pensées, les trompettes sonnent.
 "Cette fois," ils crient, "Nous sommes finis!"
 "Allons, du courage!" l'officier leur dit.

Et maintenant qu'ils sont tous morts
 Leurs familles pleurent leur cruel sort.
 Leurs coeurs se brisent, et ils ont su
 Que leurs bien-aimés ne reviennent plus.

NINA FIALKOWSKI, *Upper Fourth*,
Foreign Language Prize.



LOWER SCHOOL

Back Row, (L to R) Catherine McKinnan, Cynthia Stauble, Judy Elder, Sally Svenningson, Jill Campbell, Monica Heller, Diana Shearwaad, Daphne Mackenzie, Leith Hunter. Second Row: Meredith Kerrigan, Janet Saunders, Jane MacDonald, Louise Markus, Debarah Savage, Elizabeth McMaster, Alison Galt, Linda Sutherland, Jane Bourke, Susan Johnsan Third Row: Paddy Mackenzie, Evelyn Durnford, Sandy MacDaugall, Carol Beardmore, Christie McLead, Peggy Hampson, Deirdre Demers, Carolyn Murphy, Christine McKinnan, Jill Martan. Fourth Row: Lucy Eontein, Linda Pacun, Elizabeth Reade, Robin Curry, Anne Mactavish, Mary Baswell, Elizabeth Fisher, Jennifer LeBraay, Mary Thornton, Debbie Kraus. Fifth Row: Julia Eisher, Jane Yuile, Katherine Munra, Daane Patch, Catherine Willis-O'Cannor, Peggy Hallward, Christine Sazie, Cannie Everson, Gill Stikeman, Sarah Scott, Louise Keefer, Sally Graham, Jennifer Gaddard, Mally Daheny. Sixth Row: Wendy Bensan, Jane Fantein, Diane Peirce, Cynthia Reid, Susan Jane Schwab, Cathy Oliver, Andrea Patch, Patricia McMaster, Karen Bell, Carole Lennard, Anne Sutherland, Jessie Durnford. Seventh Row: Julie de Martigny, Cindy Byers, Lisa Pacun, Angela Mackenzie, Anita Isaacs, Barbara Gaddard, Danna Demers, Debarah Oates, Marian Mitchell, Elizabeth Shaver.

A FUNNY STORY

One day at about one o'clock, I asked my sister for my lunch. She asked me what I wanted but I did not answer, so she just thought of something I could have. She first had to see if there was any of it. She was thinking of pea soup. Daphne knew I did not like pea soup but she said to herself, "she will just have to eat it." I was about four then. Daphne told me to go away and play until she called me. I occupied myself by writing an imaginary letter to Miss Newton. I put (in very messy letters) "Dear Miss Newton, please come to the house of mine. I love you, good-bye my love,
From me."

Everyone in the family thought it was funny, but I was crying. I thought they were mean to laugh at my letter. Then Daphne called me in for lunch. She poured the boiling hot soup in a bowl. She nearly dropped it on the floor. When she got to me, she was in such a rush that she dropped the bowl of pea soup on top of me. It went in my hair and burnt my arms and Daddy had to put tea-bags on them. At the time it wasn't funny, so Daphne told a joke. "What comes out of a burning forest?" "I don't know." "Crispy critters!"

JANET SAUNDERSON, *Upper A*

THE WALKING PENCIL

One day when we were in class my pencil grew legs and when I was not looking he ran away. He ran outside and went into the road. In a little while it rained and the pencil was going down the street in the rain. When it stopped raining the pencil got up and went to someone's home. It was a girl who found him. She took him and put him in her school bag. When the little girl went to school the pencil was in her school bag trying to get out. When they got to school and were in class the pencil got out and went to a corner and lay down. When he lay down he got fourteen babies. He stayed there for a little while and then got up. When he got up he went under the teacher's chair. All the girls and boys were laughing at the pencil and her fourteen babies. The teacher did not know what they were talking about so she looked under her chair and there were fifteen pencils. When class was over all the pencils were together growing legs. When class started all the girls' and boys' pencils had legs on them even the teacher's.

BETH FISHER, *Lower A*

THE BLUE COAT

Hello, this is High Style Blue Coat the Tenth, and I am about to tell you my biography. Once there was a sheep who lived in the field of Kirnsteir. I was born on this sheep. You may wonder what I was at first, so I will tell you. I was wool! One day a bald-headed boy came and cut me off the sheep's back. Then I was taken in a truck to a little woman's house. There I was to be washed. When she had finished washing and oiling me, she took me to her daughter to tease me. Her daughter looked like her but was fat. The girl teased me and oh, how it hurt! Once she spilt a bottle of grape crush on me. Soon I was sent to a factory. There I was put into a big wooden washing machine and was dyed blue. Soon a big man took me to a different part of the factory, where I was made into a blue coat. Then I was sent to a store and put on display. After a while a girl came into the store with her mother and bought me. She thought I was beautiful (so did I!) So she wore me home. And now I must say good-bye and go out to play. Good-bye!

SALLY SVENNINGSON, *Upper A*



BETH FISHER, *Lower A*

A BEAVER

A beaver built a dam one day
Upon a river near a bay.
He pulled up mud,
He pulled up dirt,
He even pulled up a dirty shirt.

His children they did help him too,
They were fat and good, and looked like you.
They brought up lumber
And piled it high,
Until it reached up to the sky.

SALLY SVENNINGSON, *Upper A*



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LOWER SCHOOL Art Class

PEGGY HALLWARD, *Upper B*

SILLY MONKEYS

Once there lived a monkey called Benjie but he did not like it in the zoo and he wanted to run away. He got all ready and thought, "I will have so much fun while I am not in the zoo." He set off in the morning. On the way he saw a banana tree so he pulled off all the bananas that were on the tree. Then the manager came and saw Benjie with all the bananas and he said, "Give back all those bananas except for ten." He gave them back and said, "You're a meanie. I hate you." Then he started to cry and mumbled to himself. Ten minutes later he had finished all the bananas. In about an hour he saw a girl and the girl said, "I think you would like it if I brought you into my house to live there." He found a girl monkey in the house. Her name was Smilie. They got along very well. One day Smilie did not feel very well. Then the next day she got ten babies, which were twelve inches long. They were cute as could be but they got under everybody's feet. They were a nuisance. One day the family had a dinner party, and the monkeys ate all the food that they could get at. That night all the monkeys threw up. It was a mess. All that time the monkeys thought that they were being a very big help getting into all the trouble. Then the father monkey phoned the doctor, so he came over. The temperatures were 105. In eight days they were all better. They learnt to be polite and they never made as much trouble.

CAROLYN MURPHY, *Lower A*

THE RED BALLOON

There was once a little maiden who was eight years old. Her name was Princess Diane, and she lived in a palace. The palace was covered with emeralds and gold. The palace gates were pure ruby. One day Princess Diane went to the fair and when she came back she found a red balloon. The red balloon had a handsome face. The princess picked the balloon up but the balloon said, "Put me down.", so Princess Diane put it down. She was so astonished because the balloon now was turning into a prince. When he was completely turned, he said, "Hello, who are you?" "I am Princess Diance," said she. "Oh, but would you like to marry me?" "Oh yes I would." So they got married and had three children.

MEREDITH KERRIGAN, *Upper A*



ANNE SUTHERLAND,
Lower B



ANDREA PATCH, *Lower B*



CYNTHIA REID, *Lower B*

THE PRINCESS' BIRTHDAY

One day a long, long time ago there was a Princess named Mary. Every time she had her birthday she got a box of tricks as a gift from her mother. They were very funny tricks. One was to put your hand on a book and it would turn into a table with a train on it. One day in February it was Mary's birthday. She was going to have a birthday party. Her mother was busy making invitations. Mary was going to invite ten people. She was so excited because it was her birthday. This year she was so disappointed because her mother did not give her some tricks but her friend, the cook, gave her recipes of hers. For cake they had a circle of candy and you ate it. For presents Mary got a picture puzzle of a princess sitting on her throne and she got a weaving set. The one she liked best was a Prince. He was Prince Donald and they married that very day. Mary was happy after that because she did not want tricks for her birthday. She wanted a Prince.

CHRISTINE MCKINNON, *Lower A*

ABOUT INDIANS

I am an Iroquois and also a squaw. I was twenty when this happened. My name is Laughing Waters. My father's name is Chief Thunderhawk. I was very proud when I was six because my father was a chief. One day my father died in war, so Mohawk was Chief, but he was called Chief Mohawk. His daughter was called Little Sunbeam. Little Sunbeam was twenty also she boasted and she was proud, I was very sad. One day we had a war. We fought for three days. The last day was sunny and hot. Chief Mohawk was wounded and Little Sunbeam was sad. I felt sad too. I also hoped he would feel better because I did not think anyone else would make a good Chief. One day we had a war against English people I couldn't fight the same with Little Sunbeam. We captured a girl she looked like a squaw that once was captured only she had white skin. Chief Mohawk said she should be tortured or to do what we want. I said no I want to see what her name was because she might be the old squaw. The girl talked. At once she said her name was Minnie Haha. Minny was the squaw. I was extra happy because she was my friend. It took three days before all the make-up was off. I was very surprised because she had the darkest skin. We got twenty prisoners and they did not kill or capture one Indian. We tortured all the prisoners and we all obeyed Chief Mohawk. He was all better from his wound and we were all happy. It was a long time before Chief Mohawk was to die.

DEBBIE KRAUS, *Lower A, age 8*

A WINDY DAY

It is a rainy day and Millie is walking in the forest looking for Mr. Wind. She likes the way he rushes through her hair and makes the leaves dance. Mr. Wind is the one who can make Brother's kite soar through the sky, or play tricks by blowing off people's hats. What a mischievous fellow! He makes the trees rock and sway back and forth. When the wind is very depressed he will sign and groan. Millie remembers when Mr. Wind became very angry and caused a tornado in the town. Best of all Millie likes him when he is gentle and floats along as a soft breeze. Whoops! He is very playful today, turning her umbrella inside out. But soon Mr. Wind's changing moods and frolicking fun will disappear. As the evening approaches, he will slowly slip into the peaceful darkness. And without anyone noticing him, he will sleep until tomorrow brings another windy day.

DIANE ALLISON, *Upper A*



"Taken by: MARY BOSWELL, *Upper B*"

THE STUDY OLD GIRLS ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	Mrs. J.M. Cape (Betty Ogilvie)
<i>Vice-President</i>	Mrs. Donald MacKenzie (Elizabeth Hodge)
<i>Secretary</i>	Mrs. Lorne Walls (Barbara MacLean)
<i>Treasurer</i>	Mrs. Alex Holden (Jean Gordon)
<i>Assistant Treasurer</i>	Mrs. Angus Gilday (Rose Robertson)

Mrs. Fred Griffen (Peggy Elder); Mrs. William Stauble (Jean Rutherford);
Mrs. Robert Munroe (Pat MacDermot); Mrs. Hugh Hallward (Martha Fisher);
Mrs. John Stikeman (Mary Gurd); Jill Johnson

The Old Girls are delighted anew every year to be permitted some space in the Chronicle. Though we do by tradition write a condensation of our year's doings, please don't think that it is addressed just to Old Girls, and remember that our main concern and interest is You, the present girls!

We feel that our past year was happy and worthwhile. In the autumn we were able to make a sizable donation to the Building Fund, and also a gift to the Library. We had a splendid response from our innovation in sending the dues notices out in January, and on that subject we have a special request. There are many of you who are taken from the school before your last year, and are therefore never invited by us to become S.O.G.A. members. Many of you will always feel that the Study is your Alma Mater and it is too bad that you do not know how welcome you would be. The minimum age is eighteen and the minimum time spent at the school is two years. New Old Girls please remember that we give you a year's membership on your graduation, but from then on our fingers are itchy for your three dollars!

In January we had the gayest of teas to honour Miss Blanchard, and we do apologise for not having been able to invite you all. Cakes, speeches and daffodils made it very festive; and a donation for \$1,000 to open the Ruth Blanchard Bursary topped it off, being the perfect tribute to one who has given so much to the school.

In March we sent out 300 copies of the three-page Bulletin, which is just a breezy news letter to help more distant Old Girls feel that they are in touch with what goes on.

April was our Big Evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Allan McCall showed us their world tour movies with their own commentary. They were such a drawing card that we doubled our financial objective; but even more important we think, was the genuinely happy and gay atmosphere of a family party, from the handsome bartenders down through over 200 bodies to the purring committee, everyone seemed to have been glad they came! We are very grateful to the McCalls.

We now have charming, small Study-crested notepaper; a long-felt need amongst the students, who appreciate the size and the crest, and the parents, who are grateful for having one 'what to give at her birthday party' problem solved.

Almost no news of Old Girls resulted from our Bulletin request, but we have these worthwhile mentionings for you: Caroline White is teaching school in Lyons. Mrs R.E. (Kathleen Rosamund) Stavert, recently retired as Chief Commissioner for the Quebec Council Girl Guides of Canada, had a reception given in her honour and a scrapbook presented to her which had a front cover decorated by another old girl, Marjorie Winslow. Mrs. Hugh (Charlotte Stairs) Starkey is now the Chief Commissioner. Sonia Stairs has been appointed Research Assistant at the London School of Economics. Mrs. Isobel (Barclay) Dobell has a book in print. It is called 'O Canada' and written for the young under the name Isobel Barclay. Mrs. Peter (Claire Fisher) Kerrigan is working for her Master's degree in social work. Dorothy Benson has had her photography recognized several times in the past year. The National Museum and the National Film Board have both used her slides in their Wild Life Series. She has permitted the Photographic

Society of America and the Chicago Museum to use her winning slide in their travelling shows. You may have seen it in the Weekend Magazine a year ago, an incredible raccoon portrait. Barbara Whitley was head of the Women's Division for the Red Feather campaign. Madeline Parsons gave a one-man art show. Mrs. Crosbie (Ruth Mary Penfield) Lewis is publishing a Hospitality List in French and English for families interested in the exchange of children during the summer holidays.

Last year's crop of graduates included Caroline Doyle, Virginia Stikeman, Elsilyn BerriII and Marjorie Pitblado from McGill University, Penny Hugman from Middlebury College, Caroline White from the University of Western Ontario, Anne Pepall from Queen's University and Jackie Evans from Bishops University.

Before retiring in June I would like to record my gratitude to my committee, and my admiration for Miss Lamont and her staff - both unbounded -

BETTY CAPE



"The McCalls and Friends"



"Miss Blanchard and Friends"

TURNABOUT SHOP INC.

1963-1964

EXECUTIVE

Mrs. L. H. Packard)	<i>Presidents</i>
Mrs. G. T. Trower)	
Mrs. W. K. G. Savage.....	<i>Vice-President & Volunteers</i>
Mrs. A. H. Holden	<i>Secretary</i>
Miss Miriam Tees	<i>Treasurer</i>

DIRECTORS

Mrs. D. B. S. Mackenzie	<i>Volunteers</i>
Mrs. John Tennant.....	<i>Pricing</i>
Mrs. Robert Adair.....	<i>Pricing</i>
Mrs. T. B. Shaughnessy.....	<i>Display & Publicity</i>
Mrs. D. C. French	<i>Display & Publicity</i>
Mrs. J. H. Burtsch.....	<i>Stock</i>
Mrs. J. Nercessian	<i>Stock</i>
Mrs. Pierce Gould.....	<i>Pay-Off</i>
Mrs. S. E. Eggar.....	<i>Pay-Off</i>
Mrs. W. K. Davidson.....	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>

This year the Executive and Directors faced an exciting challenge—how to continue as successfully as the previous Turnabout Boards had managed to do! Everyone settled down to their allotted, or chosen, jobs with enthusiasm, and the results have proved to be most satisfactory. This could not have been possible without the willingness of each Director to not only fulfill her responsibilities in her own department, but to volunteer for other tasks as they arose—and arise they do!

The most tangible result of our endeavours this year, perhaps, is the new paint, both within and outside, and the new linoleum flooring and cheery mural—the latter the gift of the Study Art students, for which we are very grateful, and which serves as a reminder of the bond which binds the School and Shop together. We felt the expenditure was necessary as the Turnabout was looking rather drab and shop-worn, and the customers and volunteers have both enjoyed the brighter surroundings.

Miss Tapner has remained our support at all times, with endless patience during our enthusiastic but often bumbling efforts. At all times her co-operation and know-how have been directed towards the success of the Shop, and we don't know how to thank her for all she has done to keep the whole operation running smoothly. Once again Mrs. Lee has been her right hand on Saturdays, and Mrs. Grant has helped two afternoons a week with the book-keeping.

We have found, through the years, that our only valuable source of publicity is in the spoken word from satisfied customers, so our policy has been to spend no money on advertising, but our attractive Display Windows have brought many shoppers into our clutches. This year a new garment tagging system was initiated, using a different coloured tag each month. At the end of three months, if an article has not been sold, it is reduced in price, placed on our Sale Rack, and if not bought within a month, it is donated to charity. This has kept the supplies moving faster, and the racks look more attractive as a result. The position of Stock Chairman was created, and two of our Directors, assisted by the volunteers in the Shop, have kept the shifting clothes in order.

Our most sincere thanks go to all the Directors and Volunteers for a job well done. Without their enthusiastic support there would be no success story to report. As you know, last year was a record-breaking one, with the sum of \$7,800.00 added to the Pension Fund. The financial outlook for this year seems bright, in spite of the expenses

incurred in re-decorating, but our figures are still incomplete at the time of going to press, and you will hear the exact figures at the Annual Meeting of the S. O. G. A. in June.

The job of Chairman, when shared, as it has been this past year, and probably will be in the future, has been both informative and fun, and we recommend it as a very worthwhile and interesting task, thanks to the humour and co-operation from everyone at all times.

respectfully submitted

MARGARET TROWER, ELAINE PACKARD

VOLUNTEERS

Mrs. Q. Berlin, Mrs. J. D. Carling, Mrs. Q. L. Carson, Mrs. E. Christmas, Mrs. R. Collyer, Mrs. A. DeMartigny, Mrs. A. C. De Pass, Mrs. F. W. Fairman, Mrs. A. Gilday, Mrs. J. Graham, Mrs. H. Galt, Mrs. M. Hannaford, Mrs. A. Johnson, Mrs. C. Lewis, Mrs. S. Lyman, Mrs. N. H. Manning, Mrs. A. S. MacTavish, Mrs. T. R. Nelson, Mrs. B. Porteous, Mrs. J. P. Skelton, Mrs. A. Sherwood, Mrs. D. Watt, Mrs. G. L. White, Mrs. R. Willis O'Connor.

SUBS

Mrs. A. D. McCall, Mrs. W. T. Stewart, Mrs. D. H. Starkey, Mrs. A. T. Thom, Mrs. J. E. Birks, Mrs. J. E. Pepall, Mrs. G. Fisher, Mrs. J. G. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. J. Amsden, Mrs. T. B. King, Mrs. Ross Newman, Mrs. J. N. Dixon, Mrs. R. C. Scrivner, Mrs. A. G. Thom, Mrs. Frank Case, Mrs. K. MacFarlane, Mrs. L. C. Carroll, Mrs. J. M. Elder.

MARRIAGES

Veronica Butler to Ronald House
Caroline Doyle to Thomas Stuart Gillespie
Susan Eversfield to Kingsley Wilbur Jackson
Deirdre Eileen Henderson to Michael Eugene Soffa
Lucinda Ann Harper to Michael Kitchin
Jane MacFarlane to Christopher E. Baker
Marilyn Maughan to Rupert Charles Edward Field-Marsham
Sara Thornton to Daniel Harper Tingley
Cynthia Baird to Pierre Belcourt
Mary Joan Macarthur to David Millard Grant
Sara Elizabeth Porteous to Peter Bostwick Lowndes
Martha Richardson to Peter Roe Duffield

BIRTHS

Mr. & Mrs. Alastair Sinclair (Daphne Wright) a daughter.
Mr. & Mrs. Michael Burpee (Angela Richardson) a son
Mr. & Mrs. Robin Berlyn (Judith Dobell) a son
Mr. & Mrs. Ian Carruthers (Anne Pitcher) a daughter
Mr. & Mrs. Robert Glaymon (Stephanie Stern) a son
Mr. & Mrs. Denis Drummond (Joan Kimber) a son
Mr. & Mrs. Hugh Hallward (Martha Fisher) a daughter
Dr. & Mrs. John Gilray (Elizabeth Vale) a daughter
Mr. & Mrs. Ian Hyde (Marigold Savage) a daughter
Mr. & Mrs. Rodney Leech (Felicity Ballantyne) a son
Mr. & Mrs. John Lyon (Lynne Parish) a son
Mr. & Mrs. Graeme McMurray (Diana Fairman) a son
Mr. & Mrs. William Stewart (Margery Hutchison) a son
Mr. & Mrs. Donald Mackenzie (Elizabeth Hodge) a daughter

DEATHS

Child - Sheila (nee Mathewson) the wife of Sir John Child, Bart.
Wilson - Pamela (nee Mathewson) the wife of W. H. T. Wilson, Esq.

